Cosmic Poems

Notebook

- Brian Edwards

2025

1.

The Great Masquerade : 4/12/2025

And so
the circus begins
when the clock strikes
its appointed hour
in the morning
things revealed
have brought me
to a state of vertigo
I recall too little
and too much
at the same time
mostly too much
though I do not wish it
at the appointed hour
the circus will begin
the sound of the clock
will herald its arrival
a feast of folly
will commence
well established
routines will be followed
you will question
the purpose
behind many things
yet there is nothing
that you can do about it
so grab yourself a coffee
and simply smile
at the great masquerade

***

- 4/12/2025

2.

I see no folly
in the light of the Sun
only in
the false electric light
of the world
I see no folly
in a sky
full of clouds
only in the man-made
structures of commercialism
that seem to numb
our truer senses
I hear of no folly
in the song
of a sparrow
only in the noise
of a busy street
where the numb
the tired
the weary
continue on their journey
towards this or that
illusion

***

- 4/12/2025

3.

Let us go
into the fog
of the seas's amnesia
let us dance awhile
upon the essence
of wave and wind
let us go and follow
the radiant glare
of the morning
let us forget
a day's troubles
times all my years
and feel the liberty
of the light
as the seagull does
let us go into
this salted and shrouded
air of sea-fog
give our souls leave
to stay awhile
and dance upon
the essence of the waves

***

- 4/13/2025

4.

I'm going to
that dark isle
of the misty dread
that place
of Medusa's temple
I haven't seen her
in many years
I don't know exactly
what to expect
but she'll be
thrilled to see me
I'm sure
though the trick is
to avoid seeing her
as we already know
what kind
of unfortunate situation
that leads to
yet so it is
and so it will be
I'll take my chances
with the roll
of the dice
beauty.... mystery
wonder and fear
they will flood my senses
they will overtake
my senses
and she will be glad
to see me
with her snake hair
which is so enchanting
and I'll decide
then and there
whether or not
to give in
to her lovely
fatal nature

***

- 4/13/2025

5.

Liberated by the Sun
so that with
our open eyes
we may see
a bright world
for ages yet to be
for ages yet to be
that shall know it well
as we always have before
when we are near
its tranquility will
seek us out
and find us

***

- 4/13/2025

6.

The world
does not require me
to understand it
it simply
moves along
upon gust of wind
the winds of time
the winds
of passing ages
and I long ago ceased
to try and understand it
in its totality
I simply move along
from day to day
and sometimes
I experience
the realization
that I to
am simply drifting
upon a gust of wind

***

- 4/15/2025

7.

There is a tale to tell
yet will the world
ever listen
I move through
these days
as a snail
moving against the wind
many fancy
shining lights
adorn our cities
yet it is the light
that guides
the journey
of one in search
of wonder
that is the brightest
of them all

***

- 4/15/2025

8.

My eyes are open
from the respite of sleep
the world
is the same world
a vulture
soars over a canyon
a sparrow
is perched in a fig tree
singing
the last
will be the first
when all is said and done
the days slip by
like a sandstorm
the sea is calm
this hour
yet somewhere
a tempest is born

***

- 4/16/2025

9.

I have seen
the Sun again
after that
length of time
when it seemed like
there would only ever be
grey clouds
I have seen
the Sun again
I have seen
the waves of the ocean
glistening again
the inspiring light
shining through
the trees of the forest
I have seen again
the light has now
returned to me

***

- 4/16/2025

10.

I had completely
forgotten
that it was Wednesday
these days
one day
is just a counterfeit copy
of another
working for
that weekly paycheck
that I mostly let
go to waste
I shouldn't
but I do
I'm a victim
of my own whims
and impulses
so in truth
I'm no victim
and by late afternoon
I checked my phone
and discovered
that it was Wednesday
not great news for me
but not the worst
the weekend approaches
yet it's still
like some lovely Moonrise
off in the distance

***

- 4/16/2025

11.

I haven't been
hiking in the Pines
for a few months now
not that
I didn't want to
it was just winter
the weather was lousy
cold and dreary
so I didn't
make it out there
didn't get out
to my sanctuary place
my sanctuary
from all civilization
and I suspect
that many people
could use
a sanctuary like that
being around
civilization too much
can mess with your head
drive you crazy
and the people around you
may not even recognize it
because maybe
they're crazy to
civilization
can really do a number
on the mind
perhaps we were
meant for it
who knows
the dye is already cast
yet this weekend
I'll be out in the Pines
for spring has arrived
at last

***

- 4/16/2025

Well .... let us now
be going
and not think
of the Moon and tides
let us go to where
we may drift away
upon breezes
of ocean memory
let us speak our names
to the western stars

***

- 4/16/2025

13.

The final act of the play
is upon us
the absurdity has prevailed
the sparrows
and bluejays
have all taken flight
for the Moon
our dreams probably won't
be realized
in this current mirage
that some consider reality
we missed the bus
we missed the boat
we weren't paying enough
attention to the clock
to the hour
and we ended up
at a crossroads
between nowhere
and the road
that takes us back
to where we've
already been

***

- 4/16/2025

14.

Sometimes
the silence
and only the silence
is the oasis
that I need
the silence itself
is the sanctuary
that I've been longing for
sometimes it seems
like just a dream
that will turn to dust
and scatter from my hand
in the wind
yet it never does
it always comes through
for me
it drives all
the craziness
the confusion
the despair
that's been
building up inside
and replaces it
with the most
immaculate silence
and the most
immaculate peace

***

- 4/17/2025

15.

Let us waste
no more time
trying not to waste time
time is holding its cards
it will never
reveal its hand
time has been playing
the great game
longer than any of us have
fate follows us always
like a goddess of the stars
like a hawk
soaring in the wind
we often believe
that fate
never reveals her hand
yet in the end
we often realize
that she actually did
all along
we simply weren't paying
close enough attention
the world tricks us
like that sometimes
all we can do
is learn from it all
as we move along
down the road of life

***

- 4/17/2025

16.

The winds of time
have gathered us
all together
here and now
as the nightly stars shine
the same stars
that were there before
and that will be there
long after
sometimes
if we listen very closely
we can hear
an ancient riddle
in the soft breeze

***

- 4/17/2025

18.

Now shall we dance
or not dance
where the early Sun itself
dances upon
the sea-waves
I will reflect upon
the gravity
of a higher calling
I will go about
this world
like a squirrel
searching for
it's buried treasure
many things
come back around again
in one way or another
many things are ordered
in a circular fashion
spinning round and round
rotating in the sea of time
many things
that have not been seen
for a long while
will be seen again

***

- 4/18/2025

19.

Sometimes
when I stare upon
a starry sky
I see the other worlds
the places
that great distance
would otherwise
conceal from the eyes
sometimes I see great cities
and I recognize them
as belonging not
to this world
but to another
this most strange ability
of sight I gained
from staring upon
the stars
when the night was clear
and the owl
never far away

***

- 4/18/2025

The Roses Looked Lovely :

Upon this day
did the vines grow
and the thorns grow
and the roses
looked lovely
and the dark crows
gather in trees
and speak
their omens in riddles
that none can understand
upon this day
did the desert expand
did the sea rise
a little higher
the Moon
drive a few more
to lunacy
upon this day
when the roses
looked lovely

***

- 4/18/2025

21.

I will from the shadows
pluck a starlit rose
hold it to the sky
and surmise
that it is futility
to defy the winds of fate
that the hourglass
can never be
turned upside down
I have heard too many songs
that fill the mind
with false promise
let us go out of our way
and be anointed
by the constellations
for the night is
its own dominion
apart from day
let us go through
this gate in the desert
where beyond we behold
the horizon of Saturn

***

- 4/18/2025

It's there waiting for us
that oasis
we just didn't know
how to look
we were distracted
both by glittering lights
and misfortune
yet it was time
for something to awaken
within us
the visions of the past
that were a part
of each and every
one of us
came to the surface
there we were
beholding the kingdom
as it once was
and in the glory
of how it will be
in the shining light
of a future dawn

***

- 4/19/2025

The madness
seeks us out
the madness
whispers our name
upon deceiving wind
we have had our time
in the Sunlight
yet we cannot
stay forever
in such a sheltered dream
the madness
seeks us out
it inhabits the Earth
as we inhabit the Earth
we must
face it eventually
for destiny
will not be cheated
in such a manner
there are ancient rules
and there is just
the way things are
the madness
will eventually find us all
if we know its game
if we prevail
over the fear
we may beat it
at its game
we may triumph
and return to the joys
of the Sunlight
the bright days
and the star-adorned nights

***

- 4/19/2025

I shall go
and read my poems
by the edge of the sea
and I will listen
I will listen
most attentively
to the poems
that the sea
speaks back to me
my poems
will take flight
and be among
the seagulls in the sky
my poems will mingle
with the foam and mist
of each breaking wave
I shall go now
and read my poems
by the sea
and let the sea-breeze
carry them
to a destiny
that is only theirs
to discover

***

- 4/19/2025

Waking up this morning
with spring Sunlight
shining through
my window
waking up this morning
attempting
to ground myself
to the Earth
to bring myself
to the Earth
and the Earth only
for during the night
I did drift away
I became
lighter than a feather
and did drift away
songs.... songs
there .... I hear them
the songs of the birds
the birds that fly
that fly above the Earth
as I am fully
and completely
back down to Earth now
awake .... awake
in the spring Sunlight

***

- 4/20/2025

Often .... when I
am writing my poems
my body holds the pen
writes the lines
with the pen
yet my spirit
is traveling
through the atmosphere
among great realms
of clouds
and then sometimes
it journeys even further
into the celestial heavens
where stars light the way
towards the land
of eternity

***

- 4/20/2025

28.

The changing seasons
have swept over me
yet like waves of air
and not of water
the new season
has arrived
and that is for certain
I can see it
in the sight of the world
all around me
the changing season
has also brought with it
a change
in the memories
that I spend my days
reflecting upon
I look outwardly now
and I see the signs of spring
gone by

***

- 4/21/2025

29.

There.... I behold
a star fallen
so fast and far
down from the heavens
to a horizon of violets
these I see now
there I see
such light rising up
in the distance afar
the light of a star
now upon the Earth
shining across the Earth
a star
that came down
from the heavens
down to
a horizon of violets

***

- 4/21/2025

My radio dreams
journey on to the stars
my voice
my thoughts
my poetry
is on its way
to however many worlds
I can imagine and more
my radio dreams
in the light of noon
in the glow of midnight
across the waves
of oceans
far beyond
my limited understanding
of time
my radio dreams
through the valley
at dawn
in a world
where three Suns rise
my voice
my thoughts
my poetry
out there
a journey underway
to the shores of somewhere
to the shores of someday

***

- 4/21/2025

31.

There are a whole host
of endeavors
that shine in my mind
like a metallic amulet
risen upon a wooden staff
in a withered cornfield
where a sky of azure
and perpetual memory
touches the soul
I have at last
seen this hidden
ancient kingdom
born of starlight and clouds
I have at last
chosen it
as the place
of my salvation
and of my exile

***

- 4/21/2025

I hear the night wind
sing and sing
about a land
befallen by shadow
of this I could hear
the night wind
sing and sing
about a land
where so many fools
fooled themselves
where compassion
was dried up
like a desert
and the shadows
did fall and fall
and the candles went out
one by one
and darkness
gripped it all
and now the night wind
does sing and sing
of Sunny days
that are no more
across the land
where the fools
fooled themselves

***

- 4/21/2025

Sing
Sing
Sing
to the Moon
that will follow
tomorrow
sing to the rainbow
that you will
behold one day
but not tomorrow
sing.... sing.... sing
to the lunar shores
of a sea of light
and tranquility
sing ..... sing .... sing
for all of us
to wish upon stars
in the heavens afire
with the shining essence
of dreams
sing .... sing .... sing
to the rain
that will follow
the starry sky visions
of this nightly hour
sing to the Moon
sing to the Moon
from the depth
of your soul

***

- 4/22/2025

34.

Tonight
I am listening
to the stars
sing so silently
it is tranquility
realized
as tomorrow
I must return to the place
where my soul
feels exiled
from itself
tonight
out on the balcony
I drink
the quiet moments
like wine
I wait for the constellations
to regal me
with old legends
and stories
tomorrow
I must play my part
in the weary game
yet tonight
I listen to the stars sing

***

- 4/22/2025

35.

I feel the season
slipping by
I can see
I can see
the Crimson
of the sky
sacred Moon
beloved Moon
I have called out your name
for so long
sing to me
send your lunar doves
sing to me
I am waiting to fill
this chalice
with tranquility's wine
I feel
I feel the season
slipping by
upon the horizon
I can see
the faint brightness
of a distant summer

***

- 4/22/2025

36.

Empty room
as the Sun's going down
I'm in an empty room
as the Sun's going down
stars like candles
will arise
a horizon of candles
will fill the sky
take me to someplace
I've never been
someplace like a dream
that shines like the dawn
a rose held high
in the heavens alight
take me to someplace
take me to someplace
soon .... soon
while the Moon
glows brightly
down upon
the sleeping dove

***

- 4/22/2025

37.

Sometimes
you just have to
walk straight
into the cold wind
the howling wind
you may decide
to wait
for more pleasant conditions
but then
you could be left wondering
what opportunities
were lost
sometimes
you just have to
walk straight
into the cold wind
to reach your destination
to achieve it
you've got to
endure the cold
the howling
all the fury
it won't be pleasant
the way may be long
it may be cold
the howling
might seem relentless
but walk straight into it
it's much ..... much worse
to always be left wondering
what could have been

***

- 4/23/2025

The words
shall find me
they shall echo
through dark forest
they shall find me
where solitude
walks the Earth
the words
shall find me
the words shall deliver me
from my own reflection
that was too in love
with the world
the echoes shall reach me
where all echoes
end their journey
in a dark forest
I shall discover
a very deep awakening

***

- 4/23/2025

39.

The stars shine above
and have only
ever known my voice
I have spoken to them
upon winter nights
and nights more fair
I have given them
my words
which my own
inner dreams
have conjured
now restless omens
visions of crows
mock me not
with your illusion
of true reality
I have seen
through the obscurity
where in you dwell
I have spoken
to the stars above
and they
have spoken to me
and told me
of the truer realms

***

- 4/23/2025

40.

I have seen much
that has been touched
blessed by
both the awakening light
and the dimming light
of the stars
I have envisioned
how the cosmic ocean
is an ocean of wonder
flowing currents ..... tides
navigation
ancient star charts
upon papyrus paper
I have seen straight past
the atmosphere
I have seen straight past
the firmament above
I have seen beyond
the boundary
of what lies beyond
distant oceans
valleys at dawn
upon other worlds
I have seen this
how I have seen this

***

- 4/24/2025

41.

The brightness of spring
the brightness of a spring morning
finds these eyes
and I do behold
finds this soul
and my soul does remember
the light of the springtime
in years before
of memories that I keep
within myself
this soul of mine
does recognize
what it has seen before
what it has felt
the essence of before
this morning
when the sky is dream-blue
and the birds are signing
I remember their songs
from years before
from my own
well of memories

***

- 4/24/2025

42.

I behold thee
sailing ships
of the night
upon Moonlit
glowing water
from my vantage
at this beacon
upon the shore
I behold thee
out there
a distance
across sea and years
by some mystery
that still eludes
our comprehension
I know you to be out there
real and true
as the ocean's temperament
real and true
as the Moon
that brightens thy voyage

***

- 4/24/2025

43.

We are but ones
who gaze upon stars
and unknowing
of the worlds they brighten
we send forth our dreams
upon seas of star-dust
we who have walked
upon the very Moonlight
in our drifting thoughts

***

- 4/24/2025

44.

May we sing
within our own minds
to that last
star of night
that we see
before the dawn's sky
brightens and fades them all
sing to that last star
send hopes and wishes to it
akin to a message
in a bottle
as the hour brightens
and all of these
visions of stars
will soon be of memory
sing to that last
shining star you see
remember it well
for soon the sky
will be a different canvas
entirely

***

- 4/25/2025

45.

Be silent
be silent now
dreamer of wind
one who feels
the wind of dreams
at all times
be silent
and simply listen
to the wind
that you feel
simply listen
to the wind
that could enchant you
with a thousand
remembered songs
journey wherever you wish
the wind of dreams
follows you
the wind
is always with you
upon your journey

***

- 4/25/2025

46.

Let's go
and follow
the course of the stars
who knows
where it will take us
we must have hope
and faith
in horizons
yet to reveal themselves
we must feel
the flowing current
of destiny
so let us follow
with joy
the course of the stars
let us feel
the old impulse
once more
let us always be willing
to sail into
an uncharted sea
towards the breaking light
of the future's dawn

***

- 4/27/2025